

World's Record Crowd of 42,300 Sees Alexander Beaten by Leonard in Third Clash of World's Series

RED SOX TAKE THIRD GAME OF WORLD SERIES AND NOW HAVE LEAD OVER PHILLIES

MISS DOROTHY LANNIN STARTING IT—HEROIC TRIO

Alexander the Great Conquered by Dutch Leonard, Who Limits Foe to Three Hits—Duffy Lewis Bats in Winning Tally

SCORE TIED AT 1 TO 1 WHEN HOME TEAM SPRINGS RALLY IN NINTH

World's Series in Brief

Game 1—Lost. 1 0 0. Game 2—Won. 3 0 1. Game 3—Won. 2 0 1.

Continued from First Page.

good many hard and long hits were flying to the outfield, and as the limit to the elasticity of the pickets out there was their own ability to cover ground, a wide range of territory was covered and numerous good catches were made. Perfectly assimilated seven flies and departed himself like the artist he is, and capital bats were made by Whitted, Cravath, Hooper and Lewis.

No Place for Fly Ball Homers.

What would have been a home run in Philadelphia, a ball propelled by the sometime trenchant ash of Cravath, was enmeshed somewhere between the plate and the Charles River by the lightning and vicious fingers of Duffy Lewis.

Fly ball hitting prevailed. All afternoon useless rockets sent up by the batters cluttered the cloudless canopy. The Red Sox sent fifteen flies into the turquoise dome, the Phils flocked that same celestial vault with twelve.

Barry, who has been a sterling operative at the second turning all through this series, kept up his speedy clip in the second inning he pulled down a difficult fly and by so doing shut out the Philadelphia run. Cravath and Scott were shut out by the speedy Barry for all that came their way. The Phils infield did what it had to do with just as much alacrity and certainty, but didn't have the same chances to glow.

It was in the first inning and on the first man that Speaker disputed the sun and lost. He was out on a fly to the first base before it got to him. Therefore Stock had a fluke two batters. Still the Phils couldn't take the advantage with a capriciousness that they had. Bancroft sacrificed, but Paskert fouled to Gardner and Cravath, no match for the Leonard vixen or hooks, struck out. The Red Sox didn't do even that well. Hooper lifted a fly to the outfield on strikes, Speaker popped lamely to Paskert.

In the second the hitting of the Phils was no hitting at all. It was flat and tepid. Luderus, a left handed batter, was helpless before Leonard's left handed pitching. He struck out three times in the first two innings. A ball on the inside tied his hands and perforated his bat. Hoblitzell grounded along the first base line when the Red Sox came to bat and Alexander picked the ball from the ball on the line. He tagged Hoblitzell hard in the back and Hoblitzell pitched over the first bag. Lewis sent a single to center, but a fine throw by Burns speckled Scott and Cravath. Whitted threw his digital prongs around Gardner's fly.

Quakers Disdain Opportunity. The Phils cut a lot of capers in the third, scored their only run and pined away on good chances for more. Burns led off. He lanced a sharp single to center. Alexander's grounder and toss to Gardner, whose throw to first was muffed by the watchman of that bungalow. Had Gardner been a mile keener he could have thrown to second for a force.

Stock sacrificed, Barry covering first, and Pat Penn had men on second and third with one out. Bancroft stepped a hit from the Dutch allurments and sent Burns over the plate. Alexander went to third. He headed for the plate, but was called back by the coacher. The chances are he would have been hit had he gone in. With Paskert and Cravath coming up, it looked as if he'd score any way.

Alex threw off his sweater and prepared for the dash home when the opportunity came. The opportunity that he looked for never came, though a fast footman would have tried for it. When Paskert hoisted his fly to right, Barry made a beautiful catch, with Hooper racing in on him and with Burns, his nose to the sky, his back to the plate, his hands to the sky, his head toward the plate when he caught the ball. That physiological adjustment was only excuse for a fly to home. He played it safe by staying where he was. Cravath's effort to score him was a futile one, as he was caught because Lewis was playing way out back of the beyond.

A walk by Cravath was Boston's only point in the third, though Barry batted a terrific home run which was judged by Paskert. Stock sacrificed and Bancroft's territory by invading it and taking a fly from Hooper, which the tactician could have put away without leaving his tracks.

Cravath a Controversialist.

The remaining innings for the Phils were a fiasco. Leonard, his aids doing their share, was an impassable barrier. Hooper helped when he speared a line fly from Stock in the fifth. He rushed into Speaker's habitat and rendered valuable aid to that sun tortured sentry, who was about to lose sight of this particular drive. Bill Carrigan had his vicissitudes on fouls. He was as enthusiastic for enough as a greyhound for a jack, but floundered and whirling dervishes and got into impossible postures before consummating the catches of the stouping life.

Leonard threw out two men in the fifth. His control was dependable, for he made Burns hit after being in the hole with three outs left. Then, when Burns did hit, he stretched out the meat hand and stopped the ball. SIK O'Loughlin's long drawn "set-back" flew the ball in the seventh, when Luderus and Niehoff struck out. Stock got hold of one of the eighth, but it was a liner to Speaker. Bancroft and Cravath were out in the ninth, but Gardner came up with these warm smashes, while Carrigan took a sky high hit after amazing acrobatics.

All went well for the Phils until the fourth. Then, with one out, Speaker batted a three bouncer to right. The ball hummed between Luderus and the base. A ball on Hoblitzell, then a strike. Two strikes. Then a fly to Paskert, for enough as a greyhound to have jogged home. Speaker played it safe and ran his hardest, though he didn't have to slide. In fact, Pas-

kert didn't throw to catch him. It would have been a needless tax on his arm. The fifth and sixth were fast fitting for the Red Sox. Barry got in another hard lick, but Whitted caught it with a short run and capital judgment. In the sixth Luderus threw out Hooper, Alexander covering first. That was the first fielding chance of the game for Luderus. The Red Sox had done a paucity of ground hitting, hence few throws across the diamond to Luderus.

Hoblitzell's Guess Wrong. The Bostonians began their seventh well, but botched team play after Speaker had singled to left with nobody out. Hoblitzell's bunt was a no account little noise to the sound of the plate. Hoblitzell didn't run at all, thinking a foul. Speaker had more sense, but a prompt throw by Burns forced him, and when Bancroft relayed to first the slow witted Hoblitzell became defunct. An infield hit by Lewis followed, then a sprightly catch by Cravath off Gardner.

The Boston eight was a job—Barry to Bancroft, a strikeout by Carrigan, was fished for a widely detouring curve, and a line crack, Leonard to Bancroft. On Hooper in the ninth: A strike, then a foul (two strikes), then another foul. Next a base hit, a vivid clip over the right field meadow. Scott took a strike, then bunted and fouled. But he let on bunting, two strikes or not. The Phils weren't looking for that, with two strikes on the batter, and when Scott adroitly bunted toward second Niehoff had too far in to come to promote a force play on Hooper. Barely got Scott at first. It was a shrewd move by Boston, and for a change in this series the unexpected.

It put it up to the Phils hard, for here was the ninth inning, one run out, needed, one out, man on second and Speaker up. He and his spear were disposed of by passing him. That made a double play possible. Hooper rolled to Niehoff, but as it was on a run and hit play lightning work would have been necessary for a double play. Niehoff rolled to Cravath at first. The left Hooper on third and Speaker on second. As Alexander recalled the mound he found Lewis facing him. Alex's arm swung back, swung forward. The ball came up to Lewis with a swish. He was back with a swish. Lewis was suited without looking any further. A splitting hit sped between Bancroft and the middle bag, and with it Hooper came home.

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Winnipeg daughter of the Boston club's president doing yesterday what President Wilson did in Philadelphia on Saturday. And let it be said, she did just about as well as the nation's chief.

CHALMERS TO PITCH NEXT, AGAINST RUTH

New York Youth Is Choice of Moran Unless It Is Cold This Afternoon.

HUB NOW 2 TO 1 FAVORITE

TO-DAY'S WEATHER IN BOSTON.

Fair and warmer; moderate south and southwest winds.

Boston, Oct. 11.—According to confidences reposed in friends, Pat Moran's main hope for ultimate success in this world's series rests upon the broad and manly shoulders of a voter of The Bronx, George Chalmers.

Chalmers is well known in New York beyond his Bronx circle of friends. He was a Giant for a short time last spring. McGraw paid his training expenses to Marlin, Tex., in the hope that he might be of assistance to the general cause of the Giants. Chalmers did not sign a contract with the Giants, but he was of opinion as to the proper salary. McGraw, besides, wished to place the pitcher with an International League club. He contracted his grace were different thought he could do better in fast company and finally got an engagement with the present National League champion, the Philadelphia Athletics.

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Alexander Admits He Guessed Wrong

BOSTON, Oct. 11.—After today's game Alexander was asked about the ninth inning—why he pitched to Duffy Lewis, who already had made two hits, instead of passing him and laying for Larry Gardner. "I pitched to him," responded Alexander, "because of the fact that he already had made two hits and I did not think he was so likely to get another as was Gardner, overdue for a hit. Gardner had offered three long flies. It was a case of gambling against percentage and calling the turn wrong."

Out of the Beaten Path

There was a lot of successful first ball hitting. Bancroft drove in Philadelphia's only run on the first pitch. Lewis hit the first ball in the ninth for the winning run.

Stock made a grave mistake in trying to field Hooper's pop in the third. It was Bancroft's ball and there nearly was a collision. Stock is deaf and evidently did not hear Bancroft call for the ball.

Luderus's first fielding chance came on the second out of the sixth inning. He took Hooper's grounder and tossed to Alexander, who covered the base.

Alexander this morning gave Rabbit Maraville four \$3 tickets. The Braves' shortstop pitched to accept pay for them. "Take them with my compliments," said Alexander. "You know but that you may be in a position to return the compliment next year."

Johnny Evers and his family were the guests of James Gilmore. Looks as if the Everses are flirting with the keystone king. The Trojan came from New York with Fighting Jim.

Alexander and the entire Philadelphia infield put up a strenuous kick when O'Loughlin called the first pitch to Hooper low.

In the second inning Alexander almost caved in Hooper's ribs in tagging him on a puny roller down the right chalk mark.

In all three games the "safety first" idea seemed to prevail on both sides. All the infielders seem extremely cautious in taking chances on double plays or close force out trials.

The Red Sox players all along had wanted Manager Carrigan to start Leonard, in whom they have more confidence than in any other member of the staff. Their wish was granted today and the stalwart fellow vindicated their judgment.

Cold Numbers Reflect Superiority of Leonard and His Doughty Mates

PHILADELPHIA (N. L.).	BOSTON (A. L.).
ab r h p a e	ab r h p a e
Stock, 3b...	3 0 1 1 0 0
Bancroft, ss...	3 0 1 4 1 0
Paskert, cf...	4 0 0 7 0 0
Cravath, rf...	4 0 0 2 0 0
Luderus, lb...	3 0 0 3 1 0
Whitted, lf...	3 0 0 2 0 0
Niehoff, 2b...	3 0 0 0 2 0
Burns, c...	3 1 1 5 2 0
Alexander, p...	2 0 0 2 0 0

Totals... 28 1 3 26 6 0

*Two out when winning run was scored.

Philadelphia... 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 1
Boston... 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1-2
First base on error—Philadelphia. Left on bases—Philadelphia 3; Boston, 4. First base on balls—Off Alexander, 2. Struck out—By Alexander, 4; by Leonard, 6. Three base hit—Speaker. Two base hit—Stock. Sacrifice hits—Stock, Bancroft, Alexander, Scott. Sacrifice fly—Hoblitzell. Double play—Burns, Bancroft and Luderus. Umpires—Plate, O'Loughlin; bases, Klem; outfield, Ridger and Evans. Time—1 hour and 47 minutes.

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GREATEST THROG THAT EVER SAW A BALL GAME JAMS IMMENSE STANDS

Huge Assemblage of 42,300 Pays \$83,191 for Chance to Set Up Roar That Drowns Out Sound of Brass Bands—Thousands of Women Present.

VICTORY OF LEFT HANDER OVER HORDE OF SOUTHPAW BATTERS UPSETS TRADITION

Boston, Oct. 11.—Add to that illustrious collection in baseball's hall of fame the worthy name of Herbert B. Leonard, more familiarly known as Dutch. This sterling product of Denver, Col., who beat Alexander the Great this afternoon, propels the baseball with his goodly left arm.

Many hallowed traditions garnish the folklore of the diamond. There is an idea that a left hander is handicapped against a right handed hitting club. A so-called axiom of baseball insinuates that southpaws are queer—that they carry their main wrath from the shoulders down. An untired pitcher is supposed to be placed at a great disadvantage in the presence of a brazenly enthusiastic multitude. All of those traditions Dutch Leonard shattered as easily as he shattered Philadelphia's hopes and the city of Boston.

Not All the Crowd Inside. Gaffney's plant is a magnificent edifice, the grandeur of which was obscured somewhat by the packed throngs which filled its every nook and cranny. For the stupendous immensity of the multitude was swamped in itself. The main grandstand overlooked the historic Charles River, where now and then a racing shell skimmed leisurely past as if the occupants were trying to penetrate the concrete walls for glimpse within.

The 43,000 within the park—for there were many counting the reporters and freemen, ushers, vendors and policemen—were not the only onlookers. The roof of a new armory behind the right field wall served as a perch for several hundreds more. The roofs of the boat houses on the river front groaned beneath the weight of the crowd. The workmen of a railway coaling station behind left center field hauled a loaded coal car up a hundred foot inclined track and made of it an observation station.

There was bustle and bustle from dawn until midnight. Throngs poured out of South Station like angry bees out of a hive, from the arrival of the earliest morning train. The game time. About the hotels the wildest confusion prevailed. Wise, indeed, was he who provided against the night by reserving rooms in advance. Before noon the uniform and lost game on a duke. The traffic facilities of Boston, efficient as they are under ordinary circumstances, were completely inadequate to handle the great press of humanity. Many thousands had to walk from the Back Bay section to the ball field and home again. Every street car was packed to overflowing with fans. Outside places of vantage. Taxicabs, hacks, which usually depend on the Harvard-Yale game for their richest harvest, sped so rapidly hither and thither that the motes and horses were almost worn out by midnight.

Fans of Fair Sex Add to Scene. An hour before game time the lines for general admission stretched snakelike from every booth a quarter of a mile. Outside the park the lines were trances the crush was so great that it was wonderful the way the women squeezed in with the composure and endurance of the men. In their grandstand and bleacher seats, there were thousands upon thousands of women out to enjoy the game and the excitement of the chase. Away from the morning's chill breezes. They looked very pretty, indeed, in their rich tones of colors on those rare occasions when the crowd is so dense that noise making contrivances were still. A momentary glimpse of the crowd was enough to make one's heart beat. Boston is jealous of its baseball reputation.

In the dulllest moments of this momentous battle the crowd was enthusiastically animated, but on those occasions when some critical play was on hand the spectacle was irresistibly charming. The front rows would spring to their feet in enthusiasm and then the great throng, rank after rank, would follow, like the ripples from a stone cast into a placid millpond.

The city police did yeoman service both within the park and without. There was no disorder and no riotous lines in good order and kept open passages for reserve ticket holders. Evidently those who were disappointed in not gaining admission to the park dispersed down town to the bulletin boards.

Bluecoats Want to See It. About the middle of the game many of those policemen who had been on duty outside the park appeared one by one on the armory roof across the way, swelling the already closely packed columns there. One section of the armory roof had a very solidly armed and equipped force of bluecoats. There was no step that it was impossible for the occupants to maintain satisfactory positions. But nothing daunted the rosters lay across the right backs anchoring themselves under the arm pits like so many soldiers gazing over trenches in mimic warfare.

Superstitions were rampant. Never more loyal than to-day, but their best efforts at "Tessie" hardly could be distinguished, once the game was under way.

Glory His Even in Defeat. There was no disgrace in Alexander's defeat. He met the man who last season topped the class of American League pitchers, one who today was cool as ice in every emergency, supreme in confidence every second of the time and blessed with such control as approached wizardry at times. Throughout this series the pitching of Carrigan's men has stood forth as a glorious attribute to the present high excellence of the defensive end of the game. Shore and Foster acquitted themselves with great credit. The worth of neither surpassed that of Leonard.

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Decisive Episodes of Third Encounter

First Run—Phillies' third inning. Burns singled. Alexander bunted and was safe when Hoblitzell dropped Gardner's throw. Stock advanced both with a sacrifice, Gardner to Hoblitzell. Bancroft's single to center scored Burns with the only Quaker run. Speaker's throw holding Alex to third.